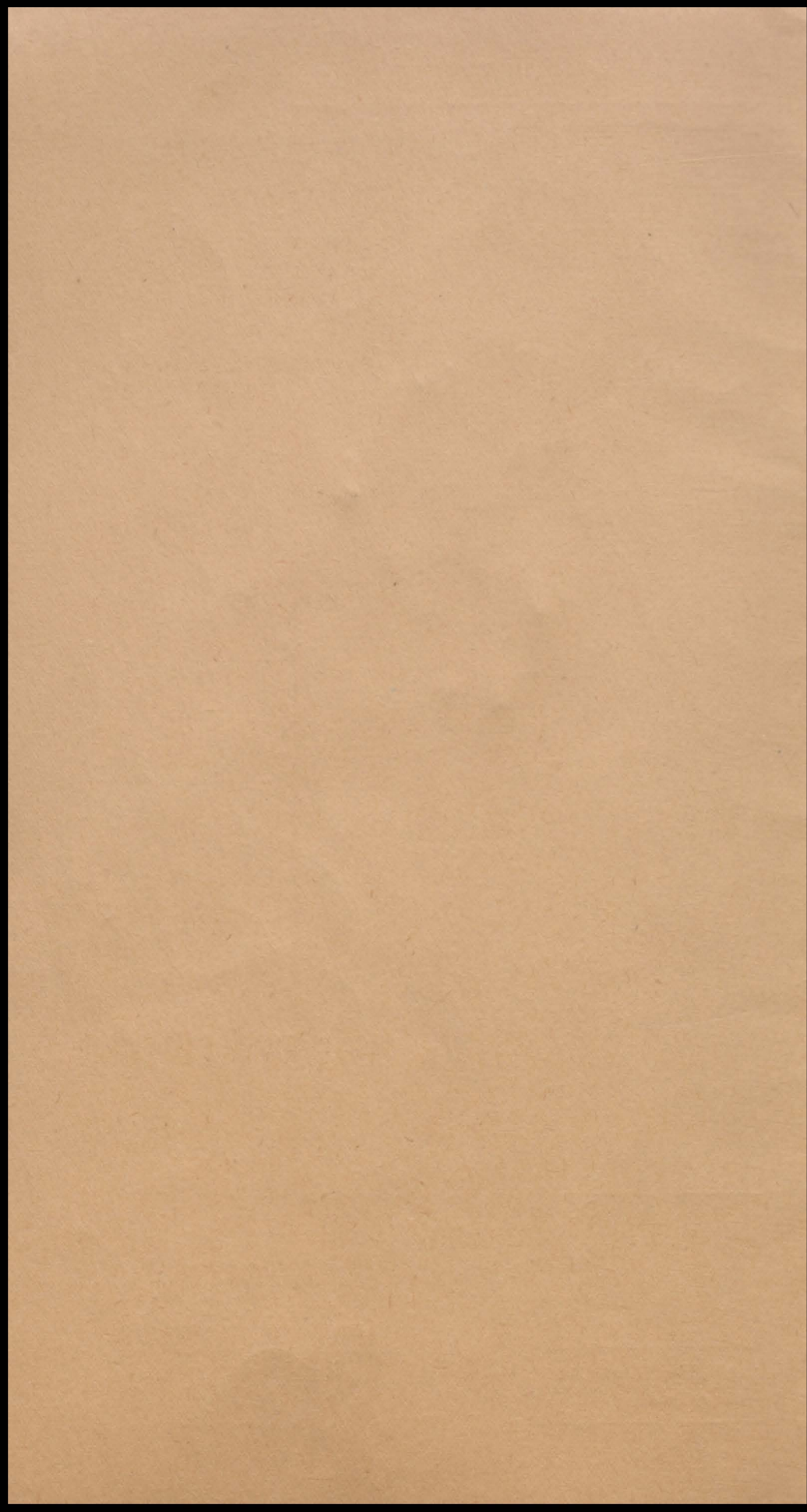




**Annie Wright  
Seminary**

**June**



## Only Cold Drinks

SERVED AT  
OUR.....  
FOUNTAIN

Thos. V. Tyler & Co.

CORNER SECOND ST.  
and ST. HELENS AVE.

Use Cream Lotion for Sunburn, Etc.

## WHEN IN SEATTLE

BUY CANDY  
AT  
HANSON'S

Pure Home Made Candy

1533  
FIRST AVE.

All-ee-samee—

...POP SMITH

## Table of Contents

	PAGE
Commencement Programme .....	1
Commencement Address.....	2
Class Day Programme.....	6
The Address of Welcome—Ellen Lawler.....	7
Class Poem—Winifred Loomis.....	7
Prophecy—Hilda Vaeth.....	8
Planting of the Tree—Sara Posner.....	10
Presentation of Spade—Mary Kautz.....	11
Receiving of Spade—M. White.....	11
Class Song.....	12
Last Will and Testament—Mary Kautz.....	12
Response to the Will—A Junior.....	14
Mementoes { Nellie Hubbard.....	15
Farewell {	
Closing Recital .....	16
Editorials.....	17
A Senior Class Meeting—Hilda Vaeth.....	18
Quotations.....	19
Echoes.....	20
Locals.....	21
Personals.....	23
The Commencement.....	24
Alumnae Notes.....	24

## RHODES BROS.

FOR YOUR

SUMMER DRESSES,  
KID, LISLE or  
SILK GLOVES

Anyone presenting this Ad.  
within ten days can have their  
selection of three numbers of  
our \$1.50 Kid Gloves for

\$1.00

Warranted and Fitted.

RHODES BROTHERS

## Rainier Market

909  
PACIFIC AVENUE

Telephone Main 277

**CHOICE MEATS** both salted and  
fresh. **Best Ranch Poultry** a  
specialty. **Fish and Oysters**,  
also **Game**, in season.

Careful attention to orders from  
Schools, Hotels and Boarding  
Houses. Prompt delivery.



KODAKS  
AND  
FRESH FILMS  
AT

..903..  
PACIFIC AVENUE


Photo Supply Co

CANDIES

You can always get  
Good, Pure, Fresh  
Home-made Candy  
...AT...

"POP" SMITH'S  
Candy Kitchen

1146 PACIFIC AVE.

 We make a Specialty of Fine Box  
Goods for Presents, etc.

ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY  
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

An Endowed Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Women

...BOARD OF TRUSTEES...

The Rt. Rev. Frederick William Keator, Bishop of Olympia,  
president, ex-officio; Thos. B. Wallace, secretary; Isaac W. An-  
derson, Alexander Baillie, Avery M. Ingersoll.

Beautiful location; healthful and refined home life; Gymna-  
sium; out of door sports; preparation for all colleges; a broad  
and thorough general education; superior advantages in music  
and art.

For illustrated catalogue containing full particulars, apply  
to the Principal.

Feist & Bachrach  
*THE RELIABLE  
STORE...*

...934 PACIFIC AVENUE...

We carry the best assorted  
stock of Ladies' Shirt Waists;  
the prices range from 25c to \$9.25.

Our stock of Laces and Appli-  
ques are equaled by none.

Special Bargains in Wash  
Goods.

FEIST & BACHRACH

Agents for McCall's Patterns, 10 and 15  
cents; none higher. They are the  
very best and cheapest.

A. A. TAYLER  
CO.

Music Dealers

910 C Street, TACOMA

AGENTS FOR

Lester and A. B. Cameron  
PIANOS

# THE HYAK

VOL. I.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, JUNE, 1902.

No. 3



## EIGHTEENTH COMMENCEMENT OF THE ANNIE WRIGHT SEMINARY.

### ORDER OF SERVICE

Hymn No. 311. "Ancient of Days."

The Lord's Prayer.

Versicles and Responses.

Psalm XXVII.

Scripture Lesson.

Te Deum.

Apostles' Creed.

Versicles and Responses.

Collects.

Anthem, "Praise ye the Father,".....Gounod

Address, The Right Reverend, The Bishop of Olympia .....

Chorus, "Voices of the Woods,".....Rubinstein

Presentation of Diplomas .....

School Hymn No. 510, "Go Forward, Christian Soldier.".....

Collects.

Benediction.

Hymn No. 522, "On our Way Rejoicing."

## COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.

*"From Strength to Strength!"*

Up yonder on the walls of their room in plain view of all who enter it and in constant view of all who are wont to use it for the purpose of study, are the words, "*From Strength to Strength.*" It is the motto of this school, the motto in which is set forth the constant and steadfast aim and purpose of this institution of learning for all who are entrusted to its fostering care.

Each class, as it comes and goes, may have its particular precept, expressing according to its own judgment its individual endeavor, but this, year after year, stands as the motto of all and for all, pointing the way along which all are to be led, and giving to each one walking in this way new courage and incentive to press ever onward and upward. Since it belongs then in such a complete sense to this school, as a whole, I trust it may not be amiss if I take it this morning, as I was about to say, the text, until I remembered that the sermon was preached some three days ago, so I will rather say, as the motto of the address which it is my privilege to make to this school and its friends who are met here to celebrate the going forth of another class, as we fondly trust fitted and trained in some degree for the duties and responsibilities of life.

*From Strength to Strength.*

They are ancient words penned centuries ago by some singer of ancient Israel to whom the name "the Psalmist" is given. As we read these words, together with those in the midst of which they are set, we may catch at least some faint glimpse of the picture which was before the mind's eye of the Psalmist. He had been singing of the blessedness of those whose privilege it is to serve God, abiding continually in His temple. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be always praising Thee." But now his thoughts turn to those without and yet those whose faces are turned toward the temple toward which they are ever pressing onward, a company of pilgrims, in whose hearts are the ways as they seek the goal above and before them. Perchance it is a steep and toilsome way. Perchance it is rough and rugged, filled with difficulties and discouragements. Now they are wearied and worn and the temptations to turn aside into some smooth and easy path are many. Or now they are almost ready to sink down in despair, to give up the journey, since with all their toil and labor the goal of their hopes still seems so far away. But the ways are in their hearts, and from their lips there starts a song, and once again, with new determination they grasp their pilgrim



staffs and start anew, and then out from their goal, as from a fountain of perpetual youth there comes a stream as of new courage and strong incentive. The difficulties which but a little before seemed insurmountable, seem now to make them stronger as one by one they meet and rise above them in the way, and thus onward and upward they go from strength to strength, until at last the journey is done and they find rest and peace in the attainment of that for which their souls have longed.

It is a picture from life, dear friends, of a particular phase of life, I grant you, as the Psalmist saw it, and yet, also, it is a picture equally illustrative of other phases of life, and certainly of all and every phase in which our growth and development are seen. All our life is but a journey and all our life through we are pilgrims journeying onward, journeying ever over a toilsome way and slow, continually meeting new perplexities and difficulties, oftentimes wearied and worn, many times discouraged and cast down, but always, if forgetting the things which are behind, we continue to press on to the things which are before, finding that each new difficulty overcome does but make us stronger to go on to the next. And thus we may go from strength to strength until at last the goal of our ambition is reached, when our journey is done.

On this day, and within these walls, I am sure there is not one of us who can fail to realize the force of this truth. There is not one of us with whom the remembrance of school days is not fresh enough to make this picture live again. One and all we remember that the way of learning was not an easy way. Lessons were hard, problems were difficult, translations were troublesome, discipline was annoying, holidays were few and far between, term time was long and vacation surprisingly short. But somehow or other, we kept on, and if we were only faithful to each new duty as it came we found ourselves growing stronger and stronger, better fitted to meet new difficulties as they arose, and thus going from strength to strength.

But while it is, perhaps, easy enough for us to know and appreciate this truth after we have advanced some distance on our way and stop to look back upon the way we have come, it is not always so easy to appreciate it when we are still in the way and have the difficulties all around us. And here this morning, speaking more particularly to the members of this school, my desire is to show you that there is so much real truth in this motto which is kept ever before you to the end that it may have a meaning for you and be ever a real source of courage and ambition for you. I do not forget, of course, that this is the end of the school year, and not the beginning

I do not forget that after many weeks of work you are thinking now of the rest and recreation which are before you and all the pleasures and joys which you hope the summer's vacation is going to bring you. And while even one more lesson, at this time, may not be altogether welcome, I hope you will not forget it altogether, when, after the vacation, you come back to this place for a further journey up the hill of learning. Fix in your minds this truth and keep it there, that everything worth having is worth working for, that every duty faithfully and honestly done only makes the next duty easier, that every difficulty overcome and mastered makes us stronger to meet and master the next, and that in all real progress we surely go from strength to strength.

But for some of you this day has more of meaning, for it marks the ending of your course in this school. It is the day to which you have been looking forward, but now that it has come I doubt not that it finds you with feelings of mingled joy and sorrow. You are glad because you have successfully accomplished the work which has been given you to do and are soon to take your place among the alumnae of this honored institution of learning. You are glad because of all the privileges which you have been permitted to share here in classroom, in gymnasium, on the play-ground, and, not least of all, in home. You are glad in the friendships you have formed here with teachers, with classmates and schoolmates, friendships, some of which at least will last you all your life through, for it is but common experience that the friendships of school-days are many times the strongest and the dearest of life.

For all these you are glad. But at the same time you are sorry, because now it will so soon be over, and all the pleasant associations you have known here will soon be in the past, and, perhaps, too, you realize now that you have not made all you might have made of the opportunities which have come to you here. Well, this, too, you will find to be the common experience of life all through. For all of us again and again through the years which come and go are brought face to face with the fact that we know our blessings only in their passing.

But so far as it is within my power at this time, I would bring your thoughts back to the bright side of this day and try to fix in your memories this last and crowning lesson of your school-days here, the lesson which all along has been the real secret of all other lessons you have learned, the lesson which you are still to keep on learning as you go forth to other experiences of your life—"from strength to strength." If the days you have spent in this seminary have had any meaning for you at all, you are conscious today that you are stronger now



than you were the day you first came here, and the strength which you have acquired does not consist, let me remind you, merely, or even chiefly, in the facts which you have stored up in your memories. For much of the learning from books, however carefully gathered and nicely packed away in memory's storehouse, soon becomes covered with dust and is forgotten. I sometimes take down from the shelves in the attic the old books which I have studied in days gone by, and which I continue to treasure as mementos of my book learning, and as I turn their pages I find myself trying to recall something from them, and with some of them I have to confess that they are even more Greek to me now than they ever were.

But while the facts go, the power of the facts oftentimes remains. For along with the acquiring of facts there comes silently, slowly and without observation the development of latent powers of mind and will which powers, with continued exercise in other fields and amid new experiences go on from strength to strength.

For true education, according to the literal derivation of the word is ever a leading forth—not a cramming in—a leading forth of the powers of the mind, and the training of these powers for us.

I know full well that in the light of some of the modern and so-called "up-to-date" methods of education this statement may sound old-fashioned, for in some schools which I have known the leading idea has seemed to be to get through all the books possible and take as many short cuts as possible, with little regard to the principles involved, and with very little regard, if any, to the indirect, and, as I am convinced the chief benefits of study—the ability to think independently and reason logically. And the results of much of these modern methods are only too apparent all about us in the readiness to follow almost any fad which presents itself, and in the willingness to regard firmness for principle and for truth as evidence of narrowness, and, on the contrary, haziness of thought and laxity of principle as synonymous with broad and liberal mindedness. It seems to be forgotten that great breadth is sometimes compatible with exceeding thinness.

In view of all this, we need not fear to insist upon the strict meaning of education as a leading forth—a leading forth, if you will, to the knowledge of the truth, through acquaintance with the facts of history, science, mathematics, of what not—but certainly along with this the leading forth of the powers of the mind and heart and will to use these facts in the experience of life.

It is along this line of true education we believe you have been led in this seminary, and in this sense that you have gone from strength to strength.

Furthermore, I am not ashamed, nay, rather I am proud to say, that along with other good influences the highest of all good influences has been thrown around you here, the influence of the religion of Jesus Christ, who is today the Great Teacher, the Highest and Purest Example of right living and right doing. Whatsoever you have learned of Him and from Him has made you strong indeed and will enable you to go on from strength to strength, for believing in Him, trusting in Him and following Him in the way whithersoever He shall lead, will at length make you conqueror with Him.

And now as you go forth from this school you will learn more and more from experience that school-days are not yet done. It may be a commonplace to say that we pass from the life of school to the school of life. Nevertheless there is a great truth beneath it all. For life worth the living is indeed a school in which we are ever learning—the goal is ever before us and toward it we must ever be pressing onward, going from strength to strength as we beat back temptations, endure trials, overcome obstacles, looking only and always for the “rest which remaineth” in that land of far-distances, but from which even now flow the streams of living water to refresh and strengthen us by the way.

Go forward, then, strong and ever stronger in the strength which comes not from self alone, but also from Him whose strength is made perfect in our weakness. He will go with you all through life's journey to guide you, help you and keep you. So you shall go from strength to strength and at last attain the crown which fadeth not away.

---

### CLASS DAY.

CLASS OF '02.

MOTTO—“Parce Metu.”

COLORS—Brown and Yellow. TREE—Persimmon.

FLOWER—Brown Eyed Susan.

### PROGRAMME

Address of Welcome.....	MISS ELLEN LAWLER
Class Poem.....	MISS WINIFRED LOOMIS
Prophecy.....	MISS HILDA VAETH
Planting of the Tree.....	MISS SARA POSNER
Presentation of Spades.....	MISS MARY KAUTZ

### CLASS SONG

Classes Will... ..	MISS MARY KAUTZ
Mementos }	
Farewell }	MISS MELLIE HUBBARD

*THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.*

The long-looked for events of commencement have arrived, and this afternoon we welcome you here to our class-day.

Many people have said class days are stupid and uninteresting and that they are all alike, but ours is certainly different from any other, because we are different from any other girls in the world.

We cannot tell you how glad we are that there are so many interested in us, in our work and in our play, and our appreciation cannot be better proven than by the great delight we take in having you with us this afternoon.

There are, perhaps, some among you who have passed through this same happy event and can remember how glad and proud they were to receive their friends on this same day, and we shall, perhaps, feel much the same when, a few years hence, we look back and think of the many hard struggles that had to be encountered, and the many happy days spent before we, as a class of six, graduated from the Annie Wright Seminary.

ELLEN LAWLER.

---

*CLASS POEM.*

What is so rare as a day in June, they say,  
And especially, when that day is our class day;  
That rare day seems th' rarest, sweetest, best  
Of all; when hearts are young and hearts are gay.  
Our class of six, so lately called a class,  
Because like atoms, all from different parts,  
We've slowly drawn together, slow and sure,  
Until this day, a perfect molecule—  
We stand before you. First course is Mellie;  
Our paper founder, editor and chief.  
You would not think, to gaze on her, that she—  
The very soul of humor is, and wit and fun,  
Come bubbling forth as easily from her,  
As from Maria, that mischief whom we see  
In Twelfth Night. Next is Mary. She is the one  
Whom from a certain fondness that is hers,  
We call class baby. Generous to extreme,  
And tender-hearted to the shy, new girls,  
She's full of fun and surely always ready  
To enter any sport with heart and soul.  
Then Sara, quiet, staid, hard to befriend,  
But once she calls you friend, you're that for aye.



Our gay one, Ellen, fond, too, of society,  
And dances, parties all are her delight.  
Hilda is so demure, you don't first see,  
The imp that's lurking in her deep brown eyes.  
Our summer girl is she; and thus we end  
Our list, for me, you see before you here.  
When after this June day we separate  
To fight our fight in this small world of ours,  
We'll each one do her best, find the smallest niche,  
Where she is needed and we hope we may,  
As time goes by, remember this our school.  
Our Alma Mater dear to all of us,  
Her teachings not in learning's way alone,  
But in the example of true womanhood,  
Here urged upon may ever mindful be  
Of all the unselfish care and watchfulness  
By which we've been surrounded in these walls.

WINIFRED LOOMIS.

---

#### CLASS PROPHECY.

Among the many singular incidents which happened during my stay at Pompeii was the encounter with the Witch of Vesuvius, of which I will tell you.

While making my third ascent of Vesuvius I became so fatigued that I begged the party to leave me to rest on a rock near the base of the great mountain. After being assured by the guide that there was absolutely no danger, the others went on, and I sat for a while lazily watching them as they painfully made their way up the steep places, but soon I became restless and started to move around and examine the crevices in the mountain side. Several extended inward a number of feet and there were some in which a man might almost stand upright. One of these seemed especially large and lead farther in than the rest, so I decided to explore its depth.

After I had gone about twenty feet I came to a sudden turn and immediately found myself in the cave of a horrible looking hag. At first I was about to scream, but instinctively I remembered the loneliness of the place and realized that a cry from me might only enrage the witch. I stood there motionless from fear, unable to take my eyes from her hideous face. She gazed at me a while with her glittering snakey eyes and then asked in a low hissing voice, "What is your wish, princess?" It suddenly struck me that there might even yet be some true witches left in the world, and that this one might give me the desire of my heart, that of knowing what had

become of my classmates in the Annie Wright Seminary. So, with fear and trembling I said, "O show me, thou discerner of the future, what my classmates are doing."

Immediately she beckoned me with her long, crooked finger toward the fire. Frightened though I was, I could not help obeying her. I was simply impelled forward by her will. When I reached the fireplace I saw an immense cauldron simmering over the coals. The witch waved her scrawny arms once, twice, thrice, over the cauldron, repeating a charm ending with the familiar refrain, "Double, double, toil and trouble. Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

As I stood there looking into the inky blackness of the pot, suddenly the surface was greatly agitated. Lurid blue flames arose and a black smoke surrounded the witch. A numbing sensation crept over my body and my head whirled. In an instant all was over and I was gazing on a beautiful broad street lined on both sides with large shade trees and broad paved walks. I recognized this to be one of the principal boulevards in Paris. There were many people promenading up and down, but one couple especially caught my eye. Something about the tall, stately form of the woman seemed familiar to me. She was talking earnestly with her companion, a tall, dark Frenchman, and as they passed I heard him say, "Yes, Winifred, that is without exception your masterpiece, the carrots are so natural." Surely Winifred could not still be doing carrots, but then I almost forgot that "practice makes perfect."

But I had no further time for consideration, for the scene was swiftly changing, and I saw a comely woman in Mother Hubbard and sunbonnet coming down a quiet country lane, a dinner-pail strung over her arm. She was evidently carrying her husband his midday meal to the mill which I could hear grinding away in the woods. But which one of my companions could this be. It puzzled me, but not for long, as I soon heard her burst into a rhapsody of song something to this effect—

"Tell me not in idle numbers  
Senior life is but a dream,  
For the soil is dead that slumbers  
And seniors are not all they seem."

This was Mellie Hubbard and the song one of our own versions of Longfellow.

Again the scene changed and I saw Mary Kautz, I could not mistake her, presiding over a school of neat, bright looking young ladies. They seemed to be having a lively discussion and every once in a while I heard Mary's shrill voice pitched above

the rest in these familiar expressions, "Quiet girls, quiet—" "History repeats itself—" "Now, in New York—" "I know, but if each one would do what she knew was right—"

The scene shifted again, and much to my sorrow I had to leave Mary and her maidens, whom I soon forgot in the enchantment of the next vision. It was a street in front of the dear old Annie Wright Seminary in Tacoma, and as I stood spellbound gazing at all the beloved objects round about and longing for one of the luscious persimmons which hung on our own class tree, I saw Miss Port come out of the door of the Seminary looking just as she did when I left school for college. But I had no chance to gaze on her longer as I heard a terrific noise and, turning quickly to avoid being run over, if possible, I saw an automobile lumbering down the street. It was the original model, I should judge from the noise. I just caught a glimpse of its occupant, whom I recognized as Sara Posner, then a cloud of smoke from the machine enveloped her, and she was gone.

Again for the last time the scene changed, and I saw Ellen Lawler surrounded by a laughing group of children seated before the fireplace reading bedtime stories. She seemed happy and really enjoyed the tales as much as the little folks. In one corner of the room I saw the form of a man stretched on the divan taking his after-dinner nap. I thought I recognized the form, but was not sure, and dare not say.

After the last picture had faded away the witch beckoned me, and as I hurried past her I slipped a coin into her hand. I was even then too awed in her presence to pretend to thank her and was exceedingly happy to get out into the fresh air and sunlight after the uncanny surroundings of her cave. But this experience I have always recorded as the most fortunate, yet awe-inspiring, of my life.

HILDA VAETH.

---

### *THE PLANTING OF THE TREE.*

Not long ago we seniors were holding an important meeting to decide upon an appropriate class-tree. We thought and argued, but came to no decision. At length we were interrupted by a knock at the door, and a little fairy came in telling us she knew of our trouble and would aid us in getting what we wished. With this she was gone, leaving us in such amazement that we all held our breath and stared at each other.

Naturally we could do nothing more, so our meeting adjourned to be called the next day. No sooner were we seated



than we were again interrupted by the same tiny visitor, but this time she had a young tree. We were all greatly perplexed to learn its name, till one of the girls from Central Illinois recognized it to be the persimmon. She told us that its blossoms were our chosen colors, the brown and yellow; that it is a shapely tree and will add greatly to the beauty and adornment of the grounds of the Annie Wright Seminary; that it is not a native tree and would enable the botany class to study a new species.

Deep in Mother Earth at the foot of this tree we shall bury a scroll containing our names, thus to leave something further to hand down to posterity.

We hope that when the girls enjoy the shade of this honored tree the thought of the seniors of '02 will not only inspire them with the desire to plant a tree to the succeeding classes, but also to attain the honor of graduating from the Annie Wright Seminary.

SARA POSNER.

---

#### *PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.*

This spade was entrusted to our keeping by the "naughty ones." It was given them by their predecessors and so handed down from class to class, each leaving its emblem or colors on it. We have cherished, guarded and protected it to the best of our ability. We, being "naughty, too," on this day of days place our emblem and play our trump card, which is of necessity a spade, by giving it in your hands, hoping you will keep, shield and regard it as almost a sacred object. You, in your turn place your emblem on it and pass it down to the following class, thus always keeping in the mind of the school "the girl with the spade," instead of "the man with the hoe."

MARY KAUTZ.

---

#### *RECEIVING THE SPADE.*

We are so glad that this day has at last arrived, when our goal is reached, and we may now truly be called "seniors."

We receive this spade with the greatest reverence, and pledge ourselves to hand it down to the coming class with our additional colors on, as bright and shining as it now is, and with the instructions that they love, honor and preserve it as we hope to do.

## CLASS SONG.

*Air: "Tell Me Pretty Maiden."—Florodora.*

Tell us gentle strangers, have you ever seen a class like ours,  
I'm sure not so, oh no, though you may search for many hours.  
Although we're only six, you'll like

The nature of our class, so few.

We're very good, but you'll agree with us

That we are naughty, too.

So give a rousing cheer, and let the echoes roll

From hill to vale, from field and knoll,

For we are young and happy, and we know

That life for us is never slow.

Now don't mind what we do,

The spring of life is here,

We're young, and naughty, too,

And happiness is dear.

So here's to the New Girls, and here's to the Juniors,

And here's to you, Friends, and here's to the Seniors,

We'll cheer for you, a joyful cheer, a merry cheer,

We'll cheer for ourselves,

And we'll cheer for the Annie Wright, too,

With hopes that we may all, when many years have passed,

Look back on this,

On the pains and pleasures that won't last,

As the brightest, happiest, and lightest, too,

Of the pains and pleasures coming to the Class of '02.

---

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

We, the class of '02 of the Annie Wright Seminary, being of sound and disposing mind, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

First, after all our lawful debts are paid, we, the class of '02, will and bequeath to our school (1) our teachers with the "spring of knowledge" and scores of squelches from which we hope the coming generation may derive as much benefit in the future as we have in the past. (2) All our wonderful heating apparatus, which only works in warm weather. (3) The

pencil-marks and pin-holes in the walls in spite of the warnings. (4) The scratches on the doors and on the desks. (5) Our games of ping-pong, over which we have had so many quarrels. (6) The valuable works of art adorning the inside of students' books; said articles to be sold at auction and proceeds to be used to buy new reference books to replenish the school library. (7) The echoes of our screams, of which we have been so often reminded. (8) The Hyak, our school paper, which we earnestly hope will be continued and well looked after by our successors.

To the teachers: (1) Our fame, this fame to be dwelt upon in recitations so as to arouse ambition in the future generation. (2) Our heartfelt thanks for the assistance kindly given us in climbing the mountain of learning. (3) To Miss Golay, a bottle of red ink, hoping she will use it as well in the future as she has in the past. (4) To Miss Burnett, a dozen blue pencils and several safety ink-wells; the latter we hope she may be able to retain. (5) To Miss Guppy, a dictionary and our essays and tests, which are to be used as models for the future classes. (6) To Miss Gregg, a new set of electric bells, and a memory book with various school-room scenes.

To the juniors we bequeath: (1) Our dignity, without which we were informed no class should graduate, and we hope it will be as becoming to them as it has been to us. (2) Our footsteps on the front stairs; also the privilege of using these said stairs. (3) All our trials, tribulations and cares, together with the many attendant joys of senior life. (4) Our stock of horses, including Virgil's, Cicero's, and some French and German breeds, which horses must be well and wisely used.

To the Junior B's: (1) Our entire stock of experience, of which they stand so much in need. (2) Our former inability to remember illustrious men and places. (3) All the dates we have forgotten; said dates are to be held and used by them on all occasions and to be kept in good repair at the expense of the teachers.

To the girls we give: (1) Our advice free of charge. (2) Our heartfelt sympathy. (3) All our slang and by-words. (4) The future fruit of our class-tree, which we hope they will relish and enjoy.

To the athletic girls: (1) Six dozen bottles of witch hazel and iodine. (2) Six hundred rolls of bandages. (3) Ten pair of adjustable crutches. (4) Our broken hockey clubs. (5) The laurels won by us in the athletic field.

Lastly, we hereby nominate and appoint the trustees of the Annie Wright Seminary who have been ever kind and



watchful of us during our school life to be the executors of this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all our former wills.

In witness whereof we have hereunto signed our names and placed our seal this ninth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two.

“THE CLASS OF '02.”

MELLIE HUBBARD,  
SARA POSNER,  
ELLEN LAWLER,  
HILDA VAETH,  
WINIFRED LOOMIS,  
MARY KAUTZ.

---

*RESPONSE TO THE WILL.*

Leaving wills seems awfully sad,  
But we must grateful be  
For all these things you've left to us  
So kind and thoughtfully.  
We're glad to know that our teachers  
We are going to keep,  
With that great big well of knowledge  
So scary and so “deep.”  
Those squelchers we aren't so anxious for,  
But they prove a benefit, I know,  
For we have some healthy-looking victims  
Right here before us now.  
Miss Elmore extends her hearty thanks  
For the glorious works of art;  
Miss Golay for her new red silk;  
Miss Burnett for the pencils, from the bottom  
of her heart.  
Our Hyak we pledge to raise up higher,  
And give a lofty seat,  
And give the world to understand  
That our productions can't be beat.  
To your deep and heartfelt thanks,  
Which you to the faculty express,  
We can only say “Your're welcome,”  
And wish you success upon success.  
Miss Guppy thanks you for her “trinkets”  
(Do not think me insincere),  
On her travels she will take them,  
To keep your memory ever dear.  
Miss Gregg and we together  
Thank you for the brand new bells,

And we trust they'll do their duty  
 Sparing us those old-time yells.  
 For that dignity we juniors  
 Are very grateful, too,  
 And if needful we can box it up  
 And seal it in with glue.  
 For we hate to put it on just now,  
 We seem so very young;  
 We'll wait 'till we are seniors,  
 But now, please let us have some fun.  
 We'd love to have those ponies!  
 They won't do us any harm,  
 And with Miss Golay's kind permission  
 We'll erect a handsome barn.  
 You left us slang and by-words—  
 Where *are* your thoughts, my dears,  
 To lead such gentle little lambs  
 Into such wild and mad careers?  
 We'll always think of you, dear ones,  
 As bright and shining lights;  
 And our one aim will be to rival you,  
 If we dig 'till wee small hours of night.  
 These feeble words, dear seniors,  
 We feel what we would say  
 Of our gratitude and thankfulness  
 On this glad festive day.

A JUNIOR.

---

 MEMENTOES.

A wish-bone for Sara, for wisdom and pluck  
 Not only in Chemistry may she have luck.  
 A racket to Hilda, with darkest of locks,  
 May hers be the vantage, with gentlest of knocks.  
 A pointer for "Cats," if she gets caught in the dark  
 Stroke the kitten's fur backwards and still obtain sparks.  
 To Winnifred, so tall and fair,  
 A horse-shoe for luck and all that is rare.  
 A butterfly for Ellen, so quiet and staid,  
 But I doubt very much if she will be an old maid.

---

 THE FAREWELL.

After the past year of work and pleasure, it has come time  
 to say "farewell." Our school days, the happiest of our lives,  
 are over. Henceforth we shall not be considered school girls,  
 but will be expected to take a woman's part in the affairs of  
 the world.

We thank the trustees for the protection and interest they have given the school while we have been here.

To you, Miss Port, and to our teachers, we owe many thanks for the pleasures and benefits received in so many ways. To you we owe a great debt of gratitude for having labored with great patience to fit us for the life that is before us. Whatever our future may be, whether we attend college, remain at home, or travel in foreign countries, we hope to profit by your noble examples and reach our highest goal in life—true womanhood. Again we thank you for all you have done for us.

It is sad to say farewell to our friends, but it is especially hard to say good-bye to those who have become so dear to us. Of all friendships, those formed at school are the dearest. In the future years we shall look back on the many occasions in which we have all participated with so much pleasure.

And, classmates, the class of '02 will never again meet as it has the past year. We will no longer be the seniors, but the freshmen of the world. As we go from the life of school into the school of life, let us ever keep before us the motto we have chosen, "Parce Metu"—"Cast out Fear."

MELLIE HUBBARD.

### CLOSING RECITAL.

#### PART FIRST.

- Two Pianofortes—Overture, Egmont.....Beethoven  
 MISSES INEZ ELLIOT, NELLIE BARKER and  
 EDITH WILLIAMS, BEATRICE GOLDFINCH
- Chorus—May Time ..... Ricci  
 Pianoforte—Bluettes, .....Schutt  
 MISS MARGURITE WHITE
- Song—Good Night, ... Chadwick  
 MISS EDITH WEST
- Pianoforte—Polonaise..... Moszkowski  
 MISS INEZ ELLIOT

#### PART SECOND.

- Chorus—Voices of the Woods.....Rubenstein  
 Pianoforte—Scherzo.....Mendelssohn  
 MISS LOUISE STONE
- Song—Burst, Ye Apple Buds.....Emery  
 MISS EDITH WILLIAMS
- Pianoforte—Kamennoi Ostrow.....Rubenstein  
 MISS CHARLOTTE M'NEELY
- Songs { Ich Hatte Einst Ein Vaterland.....Lassen  
 { The Wooing.....Sieveking  
 MISS LULU SCOTT
- Two Pianofortes—Slavonic Dances.....Dvorak  
 MISSES CHARLOTTE M'NEELY and LOUISE STONE



**EDITORIAL STAFF**

Editor-in-Chief . . . . .	MELLIE M. HUBBARD, '02
Associate Editors . . . . .	{ ELLEN LAWLER, '02 MARY KAUTZ, '02 ELIZABETH BUTLER, '03

**Department Editors**

Personals . . . . .	{ GENEVIEVE ODSON, '03 MABEL COOPER, '03
Alumnae . . . . .	MARGARET YOUNG, '03
Exchange . . . . .	EVA MAE CORSON, '04
Locals . . . . .	{ HILDA VAETH, '02 MARGUERITE WHITE, '03
Notes of Old Girls . . . . .	CHARLOTTE McNEELY, '03
Athletics . . . . .	BEATRICE GOLDFINCH, '04

**Business Staff**

Business Manager . . . . .	WINIFRED LOOMIS '02
Advertising Agents . . . . .	{ LOUISE STONE, '04 RUBY BILGER, '04
Subscription Agents . . . . .	{ MIZAE NOONAN, '03 EDITH WILLIAMS, '04

THE HYAK is published monthly from October to June. Subscription price, 50c a year. Single copies, 10c.

Contributions are requested from former pupils and present members of the school. Literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief; business letters to the Business Manager.

**EDITORIALS.**

This issue brings to a close the first school year of the existence of the Hyak, leaving Miss Butler alone on the editorial staff. When the present management gave its first number of the Hyak to the girls, its aim was to promote the school's interest and to issue monthly a paper that would be worthy of the Annie Wright Seminary. There have been discouraging periods in the short life of the Hyak—either through lack of interest or through the carelessness of the students—but we have never given up. Some good may have been done by our efforts and appreciated, but if no one has gained anything we still do not consider our work thrown away, for we, at least, have gained in experience. We desire to thank the teachers, advertisers, reporters and students who have so kindly aided us to make the Hyak a success, and we wish all success to the new management during the next year.

-----

The illness of Miss Winifred Loomis has been particularly unfortunate. She was not only the business manager of the Hyak, but also one of the members of the graduating class. Miss Loomis has attended the school for many years, commencing her education in the primary department. She was particularly missed by her companions in the art and music classes. As she has always taken an active part in all affairs of the school, at this time of the year when there are so many school festivities she has, indeed, been missed.

## A SENIOR CLASS MEETING.

One afternoon a great commotion was heard among the seniors, and all the undergraduates waited around expectantly, but it turned out that the seniors were only holding a class meeting. So the others went away with their noses at an angle of 45 degrees, saying among themselves, "Such a fuss over an old class meeting."

But this was not to be an ordinary class meeting. It had been decided that as there were only six seniors they would all write the class poem together, each one supplying a little of her individual wit to make up a brilliant whole.

Mary Kautz's room was the chosen "poet's corner," and thither they retired after the three o'clock closing bell. Now, in one corner of the room was a comfortable divan covered with cushions. This Mellie and Hilda scrambled for immediately, overturning chairs and scuffling up rugs in their mad rush. Sara and Ellen placed themselves sedately in two rocking-chairs near the window. Winifred, as secretary pro tem., improvised a desk of a chair and sprawled gracefully on the floor. Mary roamed aimlessly around the room.

Now everything was ready; but where a minute before had been laughing, quarreling and joking, a dead silence fell on the room. Then all began talking at once and this is what it sounded like to the listener on the other side of the door:

"What shall we write about?"

"What is a class poem about if you don't have a history?"

"You begin, Winnie, then we'll all help."

"No, I won't; I'm only going to write."

Chorus: "No, you're not; you've got to help."

Mellie: "Well, Mary, get those college books and let's put our words to the same metre as that cute one we read the other day."

"Oh, yes; here it is. Let's see—

'I shall tell you in rhyme how once on a time

Three seniors tramped up to the inn Ingleheim.'"

"Oh, that'll never do! Haven't you any books of poems?"

Every girl there rushed for the book-case. There was a general clatter of chairs, dishes, etc. Then for a minute there was silence. Each one took a book and returned to her corner interestedly leafing over the pages. Soon there was a general chorus of "How'd this do;" and each one began revising the poem she had found.

"'A Prince I was, blue eyed and fair of face.'

"Let's see, seniors, we are bright eyed and—— Oh, say, can't you tell me something to rhyme with face?"

Chorus: "Lace, race, ease."

"Now, listen, seniors, we are bright eyed, but quite a ease."

"That's ridiculous. We've simply got to talk sense. How's this. Something like Paul Revere:

" 'Twas the first of September, naughty one."

"Oh, keep still, can't you, Hilda; I have an inspiration."

"Well, I wish you'd hurry up. I want to catch that five o'clock car."

"You can't get out, Ellen, 'till we get this poem written. I've got the key."

"Say, girls, didn't I tell you that Hilda and I had an inspiration, a new version of Longfellow—

"Tell me not in idle numbers

Senior life is but a dream,

For the soul is dead that slumbers,

And Seniors are not all they seem.' "

"Mellie, you stop pinching me!"

"I'm not; I'm only fixing your hair."

"For goodness sakes, girls, we've simply got to write this. Ellen, can't you suggest something? Sara, what's the matter with you?"

"Well, I like that, look girls," and they all gazed to see Winifred's little sister convulsed with laughter looking over the transom. Then there was great commotion until several fruitless attempts had been made at pinning up a towel, but as it would not stay up they decided that they didn't care if she did hear, and the meeting went as before.

"I've simply got to catch that car!"

"Hurry up, girls; I want to clean my room before dinner."

And thus they went until the close of the meeting, accomplishing nothing and wasting time and breath, and Winifred took the poem home to finish.

HILDA VAETH.

---

### QUOTATIONS.

"There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance. His character is about perfect; he is the choicest spirit amongst all the humbler animals; yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt."—Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint;

To those who know thee well, all words are faint."

—Hilda Vaeth.



"For every inch that is not fool, is rogue."

—Melva Hubbard.

"She has occasional flashes of silence that makes her conversation perfectly delightful."—Sara Posner.

"Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony, but organically I am incapable of a tune."—Mary Kautz.

"Talk with such toss and saunter with such swing."—Ellen Lawler.

"Very smart, very witty and very sporty, and I wan't people to know it."—Winifred Loomis.

### ECHOES.

(Friday mornings): "And a-a-and-a-a—"

(Memorial Day): "Steady at the end of the line; just a second—now smile sweetly—wait till the clouds roll by—now, *all ready*. (And the critical moment arrives with Viola grinning, Amie's back turned and Katherine just disappearing behind the bunch).

(Wednesday, June 11): "On our way rejoicing as we homeward move."

Small urchin on Memorial Day: "Say, did yer see the cemetery gals get on the car?"

It's a "miracle" the way Grace Q— spells.

"Keep your three feet apart, girls." We're not tripods, Mrs. D.

Did the parting come hard, Seniors?

Who is—

Petie,

Cousin Susan,

Jakie,

Cousin Samantha,

Sally Lunn.

The Parson,

Hen-Coop,

Aunt Peggy,

Pat,

Mander,

The Cook,

Daisey and Elizabeth Brown,

Grandad.

## LOCALS.

These last six weeks have been the most festive of the whole school year.

Miss Elmore and Miss Gregg were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Richard Vaeth.

The closing recital was a decided success, the girls doing exceptionally well in spite of the fact that so many of them were indisposed.

Miss Guppy, who has been a teacher in the Seminary for several years, is about to leave us for an extended trip abroad. We are sorry to lose her, but are pleased she has in prospect such a pleasant trip.

Saturday, May 24, Miss Winifred Loomis entertained the Seniors at a delightful class dinner. The evening was passed pleasantly at the exciting game of ping-pong, and several musical selections were rendered.

Saturday, May 31, Miss Hilda Vaeth entertained her friends and classmates at a croquet tournament. The prizes were won by the Misses Mary Kautz, Ellen Lawler, Ceta Bennett and Beatrice Turrell. Miss Mary Kautz was the champion.

Saturday, May 10, Miss Mellie Hubbard and Miss Mary Kautz, the resident seniors of the Annie Wright Seminary, entertained their classmates at a "fudge" party. Everything was served in the boarding school style and the girls all had a jolly time.

As Washington's Birthday came on Saturday, we were given a holiday on Decoration Day. Bishop Keator, with Miss Port and Mrs. Keator, took a number of the girls out to Point Defiance park for a little picnic. Others either went out with friends or enjoyed the day in other ways.

The annual school picnic was held on May 24. American Lake was chosen as the most enjoyable spot and we started, a most jolly party, in picnic wagons, busses, carriages and all sorts of vehicles. Upon reaching our destination, everyone rushed to secure the boats. The rowing was perfect, and after it, the lunch, which had been provided for us, was appreciated when served in the cool woods. We started back about 3 o'clock and got home, tired, but having had a most delightful day.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached in St. Luke's church Sunday, June 8, at 11 o'clock, a. m., by Rt. Rev. Fredrick Keator, Bishop of Olympia. He took as his text, "The

fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," and preached a most forceful sermon by arguing logically and clearly until the truth of the text was proven to all hearing it. He then begged all to live in the "fear of the Lord" and thus add another proof to its truth. Music for the service was given by the chorus girls.

A very pretty reception was given to Bishop and Mrs. Keator Wednesday, May 14. Miss Port, the principal, assisted by Mrs. Raynor and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace received the guests who were introduced to the receiving party by two of the seniors—Misses Mary Kautz and Mellie Hubbard. The drawing room was decorated with masses of Scotch broom; the hall and stairway with red tulips and Japanese quince, mingled with ivy and sprays of green. The teachers' parlor, in which Madame Jan-offska served punch, was decorated with lilacs and wisteria. Green and white predominated in the refreshment rooms, where Miss Golay, Miss Fitch, Miss Burnett and Miss Gregg served. Miss Stearns and Miss Guppy assisted in the drawing room.

Our June party was certainly a success and to say what we enjoyed it would be to mildly express our good time. The guests were received in the drawing room by Miss Port, Mrs. Keator, Mrs. Raynor and the graduating class. Festoons of vines, immense baskets of roses and great vases of ferns gave the gymnasium an appearance never to be forgotten. The cloister was made homelike and inviting by the many divans and rugs, and great ropes of vines. The porch was a most popular place with its numerous cozy corners and settees and was lighted by Japanese lanterns. Punch was served throughout the evening and at 11 o'clock we enjoyed ice cream and cake. A program of twenty dances was very much appreciated, for we danced them all.

The "studio tea, the first of the commencement festivities, was given Saturday afternoon, June 7, from 4 to 6. The studio looked unusually pretty with cozy corners and quantities of roses, while the walls were covered with the pupils' work for the year. Miss Elmore received, assisted by the art pupils.

The class day exercises were given Monday, June 9, on the Point. The day was a good one for them, although it was windy. A piano stood near the gate, through which the seniors entered, a large bunch of the class flower, brown-eyed Susans, being placed on top. The evergreen trees and vine-covered trellis made an effective background for the girls in their light dress. The address of welcome was read by Miss Ellen Lawler, who also read the class poem in the absence of Miss Winifred



Loomis. The prophecy followed, and we all hope as glorious a future awaits the class as was prophesied by Hilda Vaeth. The class tree is the persimmon tree, and after the address by Sara Posner each girl did her share in its planting, using the renowned spade. The spade was then presented to the class of '03 by Mary Kautz and received by Marguerite White on behalf of the juniors. After the class song, the last will and testament of the seniors was read by Mary Kautz and responded to by Elizabeth Butler. Perhaps the most exciting part of class day was the presentation of the class mementoes by Mellie Hubbard. To Ellen was presented a butterfly; to Winifred, horse-shoe; to Hilda, a tennis racket; to Sara, a wish-bone; to Mellie, a dog, and last, but by no means least, to Mary, a "truly live kitten," which was spotted with the class colors—brown and yellow. The exercises were closed with the farewell address given by Mellie Hubbard. Class day was voted a great success by all present.

## PERSONALS.

Beware of the looking-glass. The latter was made to look *at*, not *in*.

"Will you please move over?"

Anyone wishing to dispose of dolls apply to Miss Golay. She will dispense them for you among the needy poor of Seattle.

"What a privilege to be able to go to school so long!"

Bea was very affectionate the night of the party.

Even if the Bishop does consider us the cemetery, we are still pretty lively corpses.

"You *might* think of the rest of us."

Why did Inez Elliott leave her companions so suddenly one evening between 9 and 9:10 on the third floor?

Why was the infirmary so well filled immediately after the chemistry exam.?

Ping-pong is indeed a fascinating game. Especially when most of the girls are singing in the school room.

How about Edith's \$25-parcel?

Miss B — r — — tt, "Where is Quebec?" R — — y, "Florida."

Where are the Adirondack Mountains? In Russia.

*Juniors, the spade is hidden—yours if you find it—ours if not. Are you to be disgraced?*

CLASS OF '02.

Were the finances of the Hyak too much for *you*, Winifred?

*THE COMMENCEMENT.*

On Wednesday morning, June 11, the many friends and patrons of the school gathered together to witness the eighteenth annual commencement. The impressive, yet simple services which brought the formal termination of the school life of the six graduates, the Misses Lawler, Kautz, Hubbard, Posner, Vaeth and Loomis, were held in the chapel at 10 o'clock.

The students and teachers entered from the gymnasium singing "Ancient of Days," and all arranged themselves in the front of the room. The whole ceremony was of a religious character and the principal interest was centered in the address of Bishop Keator. The bishop took as his text the school motto, "From Strength to Strength," and dwelt at length on the deep significance of the words. Following the address Rubenstein's "Voices of the Woods" was given by the school chorus. After this came the presentation of the diplomas. In a few happy words the Bishop gave to each girl that precious bit of parchment which is the culmination and reward of the years of labor.

A most happy surprise was then given the girls, when the Bishop, turning around, took six golden crosses, symbolic gifts from the school, and placed one around the neck of each girl.

The school hymn, "Go Forward Christian Soldiers," was sung by the school and the program concluded by a prayer and the recessional, "On Our Way Rejoicing."

---

*ALUMNAE NOTES.*

The sixth annual alumnae banquet was held at the Tacoma Hotel Wednesday evening, June 11, to welcome the new members. Miss Caughran, the president, acted as toast mistress, and toasted the new class. The toast was responded to by Miss Kautz. Mrs. Beebe then gave a toast to Mrs. Raynor, who answered it in her sweet little way. The letters from the absent members were read and discussed. Then an informal program was given in which Miss Davies, Mrs. Carmine, Mrs. Graff and Miss Turner took part. The class of '02 also sang their class song. Those present were Miss Caughran, '88; Mrs. M. W. Graff, '90; Mrs. C. M. Riddell, '90; Mrs. W. H. Carmine, '90, of Pendleton, Ore.; Mrs. Albert C. Phillips, '90; Mrs. V. Hayden, '93; Mrs. W. G. Graves, '93, of Spokane; Mrs. F. Beebe; Miss Clancey, '96; Miss Davies, '97; Miss Turner, '98, of Seattle; Miss Fraser, '99; Miss Seymour, '99; Miss MacReavey, '00, and the class of '02.

'89.

Mrs. James Ashton is enjoying her European tour. She is now at Rome, where she explores the Forum nearly every day.

Miss M. Estelle Purenton is principal of one of the public schools in Spokane.

'90.

Miss Elizabeth Laughton is still engaged in kindergarten work in San Francisco.

'93.

We hear that two of our graduates of '93, Miss Aimee M. Porter and Miss Frank Garland, are to be married this month.

Mrs. Wm. Graves, of Spokane, was a guest of Mrs. Raynor at Commencement.

Mrs. Cyrus L. Gates will take an extended European trip this summer.

'98.

Miss Minnie Estelle Turner, who is giving vocal and Italian lessons in Seattle, visited the seminary during Commencement week.

'00.

Miss Alice Benson is to pursue her college course for a year in Berlin.

Miss Edith D. Dent has just returned from her visit in Chicago.

'01.

Miss Alice Anderson visited the seminary during Commencement week.





## MUEHLENBRUCH

MANUFACTURER  
OF

...HIGH GRADE...

Bon Bon Chocolates

PURE ICE CREAM

AND  
SHERBETS

1111 Tacoma Ave. Tel. 720

## STONE, FISHER & LANE Costumes and Millinery

NO STORE IN THE NORTHWEST pays so much attention to Women's Hats and Costumes as does this. And very particular women have come to regard us as an authority on styles

Our milliners study the best that comes from Paris. The costumes are made on the lines set forth by the best dealers of London and Paris.

Of course these "details" cost money, but when you consider that the expense is divided among so many suits and so many hats it's so trifling that nobody feels it.

Indeed, it's generally admitted that the best things here are often cheaper than the common everyday sort. Make yourself at home in the show rooms.

STONE, FISHER & LANE  
SEATTLE TACOMA EVERETT

**F**OR Purity, Strength and Flavor use Palace Tea Blend. A 15c package makes fifty cups of delicious tea. PALACE GROCERY CO., 904 Pacific Ave.

Water Tanks Boxes Spruce Lumber  
GRAYS HARBOR COMMERCIAL CO.  
C. F. WHITE, MANAGER COSMOPOLIS, WASH.

## MORRIS GROSS CO.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,  
GENTS' FURNISHINGS,  
HATS AND CAPS

...906-908-910 PACIFIC AVENUE...

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Tacoma Bazaar Co.,  
INCORPORATED

Stationery, Notions and  
Sporting Supplies

Corner Ninth and C Sts.

PING PONG IN GREAT VARIETY

WRITE YOUR FAREWELLS  
ON  
VAUGHAN & MORRILL'S  
CHOICE  
STATIONERY

## H. W. MANIKE FLORIST

Floral Work and Decorations  
on Short Notice.

TELEPHONE BLACK 226

1219 Sixth Avenue, Corner M Street

## Dr. JAMES R. YOCUM

Physician and  
Surgeon . . . .

Office, Berlin Building. Tel. Main 506  
Residence Telephone, James 291

## SHOES

We have all kinds of new Shoes. Be  
sure and See our new  
OXFORDS

TURRELL BROS.

922 Pacific Ave.

